

APRIL 3, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



This Pen-Owner Jury Gives the Reasons Why Duofold outsells any Other

Though Hosts of Pens are Lower-Priced



Says a hotel man

"My Duofold was used by 31,000 hotel guests and their different styles of writing didn't alter the point one iota."

Four train dispatchers declare

"It's the only pen that stands our gruelling pace, 8 hours a day, 6 days a week. It's worth twice as much in the hand as it costs in the show-case."

States an author

"It's 25-year point makes writing luxurious, it's so beautifully smooth and quiet-going. Its full-handed grip doesn't try to elude the fingers or tire the hand."

A salesman says

"I laid down a black pen in a post office and walked off and forgot it. Then I bought a Parker Duofold, and its black-tipped lacquer-red color always flashes my eye this

friendly caution: 'Don't leave your pen behind!'"

Two women speak thus

"Its color makes it easy to find on my desk," says a young business woman. And a fashion writer declares, "It adds a gay touch to any costume."

Says an artist

"It has classic lines." "And balanced symmetry," adds a golf expert.

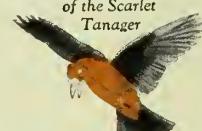
An executive writes us

"I signed 1067 checks in 1 hr., 30 min. without once refilling its Over-size barrel."

\$7 is all it costs to own this speedy sure-fire writer with the Over-size Ink Capacity and the point that's guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years.

Stop at the first pen counter and try it—don't lag behind a world that now writes via the Duofold.

Rivals the beauty
of the Scarlet
Tanager



THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANE'SVILLE, WISCONSIN
Duofold Pencils to match; Jrs. Over-size or Lady, \$3.50; "Big Bro." Over-size, \$4
NEW YORK, CHICAGO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN. · SAN FRANCISCO
THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENG.

Parker
Duofold \$7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. \$5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office



New OVER-SIZE
Duofold Pencil
to match the
Over-Size Pen
\$4
Duofold Jr. or Lady
Duofold Pencil
\$3.50

Duofold Takes Longer to Fill Because of Its Over-Size Ink Capacity. Press the Button once, release and count 10, before you withdraw the Pen from the ink.



WE ARE glad to give space to the following protest from George T. Bell of Binghamton (New York) Post, directed at Wallgren's cartoon in the March 13th issue: "In last week's issue of our paper Wallgren shows a cellar scene where the poor goof of a husband is acting as nursemaid to a hot-air furnace. This same section of the cartoon also shows a gas heater connected to a furnace. What is the purpose of this arrangement? Does the gas help to keep the furnace hot or is it just an ornament? Your Weekly has taken quite a few wise cracks at the brethren of the plumbing craft and if the aforesaid cartoon is your idea of a hot-water supply for a house, I don't blame you a bit, but I'll assure you that the method used in this cartoon is not being used in the East—not this year anyhow."

* * *

ACCOMPANYING the first of Nathaniel Peffer's two articles on "The Greatest Quarter Century in History" (March 6th and March 13th issues) were some reproductions of 1900 advertisements which recalled the happy days when a dollar contained one hundred cents. One of these advertisements offered carpets for from fourteen to thirty-nine cents a yard, "these prices only good for this week." The Weekly has received a letter from a woman in a little New Hampshire village, enclosing a clipping of this advertisement, which says: "I noticed this ad in the American Legion March 6 copy and there was no address given. I would like to have these three carpets as advertised. Please send them C. O. D. and oblige." It was the Weekly's painful duty to explain to the inquirer why the advertisements were used, and to add that if we knew where carpets could be got today at the prices given, we should be only too glad to let her know. So far no requests have been received for shoes at a dollar a pair, gold-filled watches at \$3.95, ladies' fleece-lined wrappers at 75 cents, men's suits at \$2.50, or Finch's Golden Wedding at 84 cents a quart or Hennessey Three-Star at \$1.34—as advertised.

* * *

FURTHER data from the buddy tracers—this time from Arthur B. Levenberg of Cleveland, Ohio: "Glancing through the Weekly I notice buddies scurrying hither and thither in an effort to learn the origin of their name. I may be wrong, but why climb mountains, dig into mines, or trace family trees—why look far afield for the source of the word buddy? It seems that any baby should know more about

this controversy than any man, no matter how well versed the latter may be in philology, ethnology, anthropology (it might sound queer, but I knew these words long before they had cross-word puzzles). When parents try to teach an infant to say 'brother' the ensuing sounds soon develop themselves into the well-known 'buddy.' The word apparently is very pleasing to the child, who uses it for years as a nickname for brother. In moments of kindness or affection it is easy to revert from the harsher word 'brother' to the softer, smoother 'buddy.' The grown-ups in the family imitate the youngster and in this way the word gets around. What sounds more simple than this theory? Why not try and find the derivation of the rest of the bunch—pa, ma, and sis?"

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try, Boston not excepted. And Joel Samuels, adjutant of Daniel M. O'Connell Post of Rockaway Park, New York, writes that during a tour of south Wales, in an area which "is mostly coal-mining territory, the universal mode of friendship address was 'buddy'."

* * *

SOCIAL and personal news: Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander of The American Legion, and Miss Margaret Elizabeth McAuley, vice-president of the Auxiliary Unit to Clausen-Worden Post of Mason City, Iowa, were married in Mason City on February 20th. Announcement of the wedding was withheld until the middle of March pending acknowledgment of letters to the bridegroom's parents, who are touring Europe, and from whom cables of congratulation have been received. Seven years ago the bridegroom toured Europe with the Ninth Infantry of the Second Division and found the going somewhat rougher than it is today.

This

ENDOWMENT JOB

By JAMES A. DRAIN

National Commander, The American Legion

IT was in a sanatorium maintained for disabled tuberculous veterans. An officer of The American Legion was going from cot to cot, greeting the patients. He came to "St. Peter's ward," the place where the men are placed who have no chance to recover.

"Here's my compensation check for this month," one of the dying men told him. "I want to help the Legion help the men who have a chance to pull through."

"Better keep it for yourself," advised the visitor. "You'll need it when you get back on your feet."

"I'll never be back on my feet," the sick boy declared. "I haven't got any family, nobody is dependent on me. I want to give this money, and if I pull through to another payday I'll give that money, too. This Endowment Fund you fellows are raising is the greatest thing in the world. And it takes a guy like me, that's gone through all this hell, to know it. Here, take it; it's endorsed. Don't make me argue. I haven't got the strength to spare."

He was right. It does take a man who has been through the hell of suffering, either for himself or for the

sake of helping someone else, to appreciate to the full just what The American Legion Endowment Fund can mean to the disabled veterans and to the orphans of veterans.

But one need not have undergone this experience to appreciate enough of the Endowment's significance to make him want to support it to the full. I honestly believe that no man of ordinary human intelligence and sympathy can listen to a five-minute explanation of the reasons behind this campaign without wanting not only to give every cent he can afford, but also to pitch in and help the good work along with his own personal efforts.

The thing is downright contagious. It flourishes in places where other worthy projects get no support at all. It breeds co-operation between men who have had nothing to do with each other for years. It has the whole-hearted support of practically everyone who has come in sufficiently close contact with it to understand even the rudiments of what it is all about.

I have just returned from a trip through the South in the interests of the Endowment. The trip took twelve

AS THE COMMANDER SEES IT

I SEE no reason why a child should suffer because its father gave his life in defending his country. Yet of 35,000 orphans of veterans today, more than 5,000 are destitute.

THE Legion's work for disabled men is needed because justice is never automatic. A gap exists between government relief and the man who needs it. The Legion bridges that gap and recovers millions of dollars a year for disabled men and their dependents, at a cost to us of about \$100,000.

HUNDREDS of Legionnaires, Auxiliary members and Forty-and-Eighters give more time to voluntary work in behalf of the disabled and of veterans' orphans than they give to their own affairs. For every dollar the Legion spends, they spend ten dollars of their own.

WE are asking nothing for the Legion when we ask contributions to the Endowment Fund. We are offering an opportunity to take part in a service which fills a national need—a service which

The American Legion can intelligently and effectively perform.

EVERYWHERE I have taken this message of the Endowment Fund, I have heard from thousands of Legionnaires and other citizens that this is what the country, the Legion, everyone wants. Every active Legionnaire must give to his own limit, and get others to do the same thing. Then we cannot fail.

WHERE there is such enthusiasm for a cause as I find everywhere for the Endowment Fund, it must succeed triumphantly. No man of ordinary intelligence and sympathy can listen to an explanation without wanting to give all he can, and to work personally.

SAID a veteran dying of tuberculosis, in giving his compensation check: "This Endowment Fund is the greatest thing in the world. It takes a guy like me, that's gone through all this hell, to know it."

days, and of the twelve nights nine were spent in sleepers. It was a hurried trip. But it could have been speeded up still more without preventing me from learning that the South is solid behind the plan—that the South will carry its share of the campaign through to the last cent, and more. As I swing through the States I sometimes wonder if most of them will not subscribe half again, or twice, as much as their quotas. Where there is such enthusiasm for a cause, it *must* succeed triumphantly.

I HAVE mentioned the co-operation which the Endowment campaign brings about. There was one meeting, for example, in a Southern State where I explained why the Legion is collecting the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund.

After the meeting two gentlemen whom I had previously met separately came up to talk with me. "Governor So-and-so and I have just now agreed that, if necessary, we'll subscribe the whole amount of our State's quota," declared the spokesman, whom I recognized as former Governor Thus-and-so. "We feel so deeply the worthiness of this work that we'll dig together into our own pockets, if we have to. We are agreed that our State must meet its quota."

Of course I assured them that the purpose of the fund can best be served only by great numbers of subscriptions, which will bring large numbers of the American people behind this project financially. But after I had thanked them, a man well acquainted with affairs in that State gazed after their retreating figures and remarked: "Well! That's the first time that So-and-so and Thus-and-so have agreed on anything since about 1904. You know they are always on the opposite sides of every political scrap—yet here they are, jointly guaranteeing the state quota to the Endowment Fund. That is one of the most remarkable phenomena I've witnessed in many years."

Yet that is just what may be expected when the Endowment Fund is explained to any group of reasonable men. They lose sight of their own differences in their mutual enthusiasm for the job which arises out of The American Legion's plan for maintaining the relief work among veterans and extending the relief work among the orphans of veterans.

And apparently in every locality where we have presented this project, it has brought a better understanding of the purpose and the sure public usefulness of The American Legion. Everywhere the response is immediate and satisfactory. There could be no greater evidence offered of the right of The American Legion to exist as a public-spirited and unselfish organization than the alacrity, eagerness and efficiency with which people are taking up this task—no better proof of an appreciation of this fact by the public than the way citizens everywhere are pressing forward for an opportunity to take part in it.

A good many Legionnaires and other citizens have asked me recently exactly what the income from the Endowment Fund will be used to accomplish. The purposes are simple to explain to the man who is familiar with what the Legion has been and is doing for disabled men and veterans' orphans. He can visualize the exact places where the expenditures are necessary. But for one less familiar with the work, a somewhat more involved explanation is required.

Briefly, the income from the Endowment Fund (this income is estimated conservatively at \$225,000 a year) will be used only to carry forward the Legion's service for disabled men and orphans of veterans. The money for the service to disabled men has, for the last few years, come in large measure from outside sources—for three years we have received considerable sums for this purpose from the American Red Cross, and this year from the Knights of Columbus. We cannot reasonably expect to derive part of our operating funds regularly from other organizations. Such income is, by its nature, uncertain from year to year. And our work is of a sort which must be continued on an approximately level plane year after year.

On the orphans' side, the Legion has been unable to do the job on anywhere near the scale indicated by the need. The child welfare portion of the income from the Endowment Fund will permit of doing this, and doing it right.

In the first place, the income from the Fund will permit the maintenance of the Central Office of the Legion Rehabilitation Service at Washington; also the necessary field force, their number to vary with conditions. In the second place, the income from the Endowment Fund will maintain at Indianapolis an outstanding expert in child welfare, a

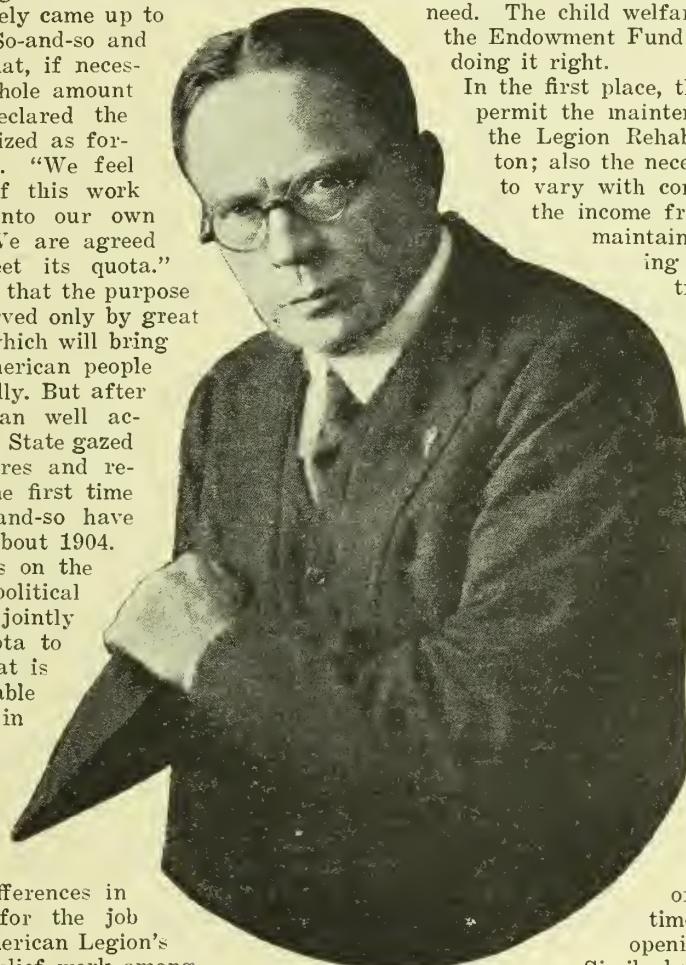
trained social service worker of national reputation, and the necessary number of social service workers. Also, these funds will maintain (but not build or even purchase the ground for) the minimum number of children's billets.

The Washington office, the Indianapolis office, and the children's billets will all involve salaries, to be sure, but these salaries are, in every instance, simply to maintain a permanent organization around which can be centered most effectively the efforts of volunteer workers. The paid workers are necessary, of course.

One can hardly expect a business-man unpaid chairman of a Legion service to waste time by typing his own letters, opening the mail, and so forth.

Similarly, we cannot hope for the best results in so scientific and technical a field as child welfare without paid experts to head up the work of the volunteers, to see that their efforts are directed into the right channels. But the bulk of the work will continue to be done, as has been true always, by Legionnaires, Auxiliary members and Forty-and-Eighters whose hearts are in the work.

THE work which is being done voluntarily and without pay by these folks is almost unbelievable to one who has not met up with it at first hand. There are, for example, literally hundreds of men who are giving more of their time to voluntary work in behalf of the disabled than they are giving to their own affairs. Many of these Legionnaires are men who can earn big incomes, by giving all of their time to their businesses or professions. Yet they willingly halve their earnings by reason of the time they give to such jobs as advising the men, by obtaining places for them, adjusting family and social difficulties, and proving up cases before Veterans Bureau appeal boards, so that a man who incurred a war-time



disability which it is somewhat difficult to prove comes under the provisions of the law actually obtains the relief which the law contemplated he should have.

There is the personal work with these men, too. I know a Legion volunteer worker for veterans' relief who, after getting one disabled man restored to health at a government hospital, actually got the man eight different jobs before he finally stuck at one. The boy was nervously upset as a result of his war experiences. He simply seemed to lack the sticktoitiveness to make good. But the Legionnaire, understanding as such men do the mental difficulties of the disabled veteran, held steadfast to the task.

Eventually that boy got on to a job where he made good. Today he is married, has a fine wife and two nice children. He is a first-class citizen, so steadied down that he will never again break loose. It cost the Legionnaire a good many days of hard work to bring the youngster around to this position. And these were days which he could not well afford to spend on anything but his profession or his broader work for veterans' relief. He spent the time cheerfully, however, and advanced the youngster a good deal of money for living expenses at one time or another, in order to save that one boy to society. Nothing but personal work of this sort could ever have saved him. But today, thanks almost entirely to the work of this Legionnaire, the other veteran is established on the best possible foundation.

The volume of such work which is being done every day is almost beyond the comprehension of a man who has not been privileged to sit in the midst of it. It is safe to guess that for every dollar which the Legion spends in relief work, volunteer workers match that dollar with ten dollars of their own in time and money. And the men who are doing this are not sentimentalists, dabbling futilely in something they know not of. They are men who are sacrificing their personal interests because they see the bigness of the job, and the need that someone shall do it.

WHY," I am frequently asked, "is it necessary for the Legion to spend money on work of this sort when the Government is appropriating hundreds of millions of dollars to veterans' relief? Doesn't that take care of it? Isn't the Veterans Bureau doing its job?"

The answer may be summed up in the general statement that justice is never automatic. The law provides certain relief for men who incurred disabilities in wartime service to the nation. But the law must be administered without deviation from its terms. And often-

times it is difficult to prove that an individual case comes within the provisions of the Act, even when common sense would indicate that in all probability it does. The Bureau cannot give a man what he deserves on probability; it must have proof.

Our Legion Rehabilitation Service performs such functions as aiding a man to establish his proof, and to present to the Bureau whatever proof he has, in the most effective way. Our men act, without charge of course, as attorneys before the Bureau in prosecuting claims in the interests of veterans and their dependents. Through this service, millions of dollars are recovered each year for beneficiaries under veterans' relief legislation, at a cost for the whole service, all over the country, of approximately \$100,000.

THE Child Welfare Service is along similar lines, though of course it must function through different channels. The children's billets are only one of the channels. Here are brought in the orphans of veterans, only after an effort has been made to place them in natural homes or to care for them in other ways. They are given a good home, and are kept at the billet only until they can be adopted into suitable American homes, where the standards of character, financial ability, intelligence, and so on, are fully up to the American average, preferably above. We can see no good reason why a child should suffer because its father gave his life in defending his country.

Neither can anyone else see this. But the fact remains that more than 35,000 orphans of veterans are living today, and that approximately 5,000 of these children are destitute or in need of some assistance to bring their standards of living up to the standard which gives a reasonable chance for the child to become a self-supporting, self-respecting man or woman.

There is a real demand for children of this sort for adoption into good families. But someone must supply the medium for bringing the prospective foster-parents and child together. Recently, at a New York meeting which I addressed on the reasons for the Endowment campaign, one man came to me afterward. He was a First Division veteran. He and his wife wished to adopt two children, a brother and sister, preferably not more than four years old. They must be of specified racial stock; they must be orphans of a veteran, preferably a First Division veteran. To such children this man offered a fine home and the most tender care. "We will feel that we have almost a blood relationship to such children," he explained as the *(Continued on page 18)*

I WANT to take this occasion to state my earnest conviction that The American Legion is following the course best suited to the carrying out of the high purpose of such an organization of veterans of the World War in this movement to make permanent provision for the disabled and war orphans.

RICHARD F. GRANT.

The above indorsement of The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. By raising this fund, to yield an estimated income of \$225,000 a year, The American Legion seeks to underwrite for years to come the complete fulfillment of the country's obligation to the disabled and the orphans of service men, and to guarantee a continuance of the Legion's supplemental efforts, without which no government provision for the sick or helpless or their dependents can be wholly effective.



On the Trail of the A. E. F.

III. Present-Day Chaumont

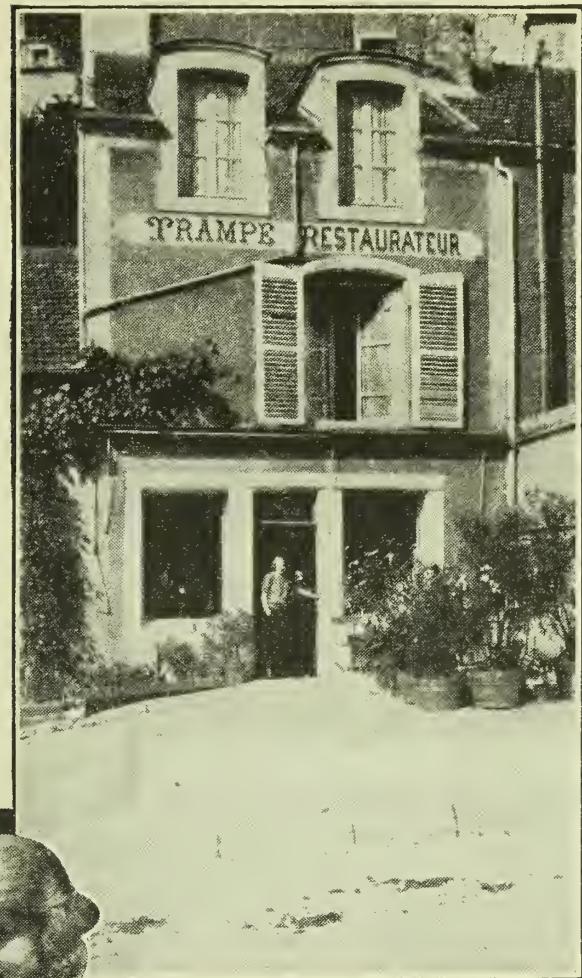
By JOSEPH MILLS
HANSON

In an earlier article in this series something was said to the effect that a thrill which can be experienced only by the American veteran is reserved for him when he returns to the scenes of the A. E. F. This is true in a general way whatever of those scenes he may visit, whether along the old Western Front or in the rear areas. But it is equally true that the biggest wallop of all comes when he finds himself at the places where he, in person, and his closest comrades, did their bit side by side and knew, as the case might be, either every trench and dugout or every barrack and billeting house or stable and every detail of wartime existence therein.

So I admit that after chugging eastward from Troyes through Bar-sur-Aube and Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and Juzennecourt my heart began to beat faster as I found myself approaching the high hill crest above Jonchery whence, as I well remembered, I would catch the first glimpse of Chaumont, Haute-Marne, once the seat of General Headquarters, A. E. F. And when I came to that crest, where the road turns sharply down into the valley of the Marne, and beheld again for the first time in five years the roofs and walls of the little hilltop city rising far ahead above the green patchwork fields and the marching rows of poplars along the canal and the fluffy little basket willows that define the course of the gentle Suize, and saw once more the twin spires of St. Jean's Church pricking the afternoon sky and the old château walls of the Palais de Justice sheering up over the Faubourg des Tanneries, and the dark roofs of Damremont Barracks crowning the promontory back of Buzereuilles—well, I stopped and climbed out and stood beside the road, just looking, for I don't know how many minutes because at first I couldn't see it all very clearly and, after I could, the recollections that came crowding in were too many and too moving to be dismissed immediately.

But the desire for closer contact finally sent me onward down the long, curving road into the valley, and in a moment I found myself in the street of Jonchery. On the flat off to the south long strings of freight cars were shunted, as of old, back on the American-built railroad spurs. But why it is hard to say, for the storehouses and barracks of Advance Ordnance Ammunition Depot No. 4 and Advance

Remember the Restaurant Trampe (that e is a separate syllable) in the A. E. F.'s capital city? Then you will recall Leone Trampe, the proprietor's daughter, who very likely set before you an occasional omelette or bifteck. She is Leone Migot now, and mother of the tiny Monsieur Migot whom she's holding up to the camera in the picture below



Quartermaster Depot No. 12 are gone and the cars stand lonely on the plain. Nevertheless the street of Jonchery and its surroundings were all so familiar and unchanged that I almost listened for the yells that once resounded from the baseball diamond out beyond the edge of the village where doughboy teams used to contend.

None came, and I went on beneath the double row of trees that arches the Chaumont highway to the fork where the road to the left turns down to Buzereuilles and the one to the right goes into the lower end of town beneath the Viaduct. I took the left turn and in a moment was climbing the long slope of the Avenue Carnot, past the old Hôpital Civil and many well remembered houses to the circle of streets that surrounds the Bouligrin Park. How altogether unaltered it was! It might have been but yesterday that I had last traversed that oasis of shady pathways on the route between G. H. Q. and the business streets of Chaumont, except that now under the trees near the gateway which is opposite to the Prefecture stand two German 77's in their rusty canopy of camouflage paint.

But ahead, down the Rue Victoire de la Marne, not even that much innovation was noticeable. Familiar signs crept, rather than flashed, by, for in accordance with unbreakable custom people were walking all over the street and I had to advance slowly, noting with sidelong glances such landmarks



as the Musée and the bust of Edmée Bouchardon over the fountain by the gateway to the Lycée, and the "big" store beyond where fashionable clothing for men and women is still dispensed and, across the street, the post office and the Café de la Poste. At the place last mentioned the returned American finally has a chance to resent an omission; the square-trimmed shrubs set in huge boxes which formerly graced the front of this popular loitering place are gone. At the moment, however, I had barely time to note this fact, for coming up before the Hôtel de Ville I was obliged to turn sharply to the right into the narrow Rue Victor Mariotte. Something in the assurance with which I negotiated this somewhat tortuous and decidedly billowy thoroughfare, bred of having been billeted upon it, off and on, for many months, must have indicated to the intuitive-minded French that I was a wandering American returning to the familiar haunts, for a store-keeper standing in the doorway of his shop all at once woke up and waved his hand frantically as I went by, crying, "Allo! Bienvenu!" or words to that effect, while various other people turned to smile with an expression of dawning recognition.

At the entrance to the Hôtel de France I climbed out expectantly and entered the lobby, half prepared to dodge the pile of clothing rolls, musette bags and valises which frequently in other days bore evidence to the presence of a party of itinerant American officers. But the floor was clear, and moreover at the wicket of the little office a strange face looked forth where should have been the smiling countenance of Mlle. Druet or Mlle. "Alyce." This disappointing discovery was explained by the fact that the Druet family departed from Chaumont several years ago and now conducts a more pretentious hostelry at Angers.

Yet, excepting in the matter of pro-



The site of the old A. E. F. cemetery at Chaumont is now a weed-cluttered field. Not a grave is left. Many bodies have been returned to the States, and the rest have been transferred to permanent cemeteries in France. But a monument has been erected by the French recalling the fact that here once lay more than six hundred Americans "who fought at our side for right and liberty"

prietors, the Hôtel de France shows little change. To be sure the front half of the dining room now is sufficient to accommodate all patrons and the rear portion, once similarly equipped with tables and chairs, is dark and deserted. But in the aforementioned front half the tables along the wall appear quite as always, and even the hatracks by the door are the same as in the days when upon them the chevronless sleeves of privates'

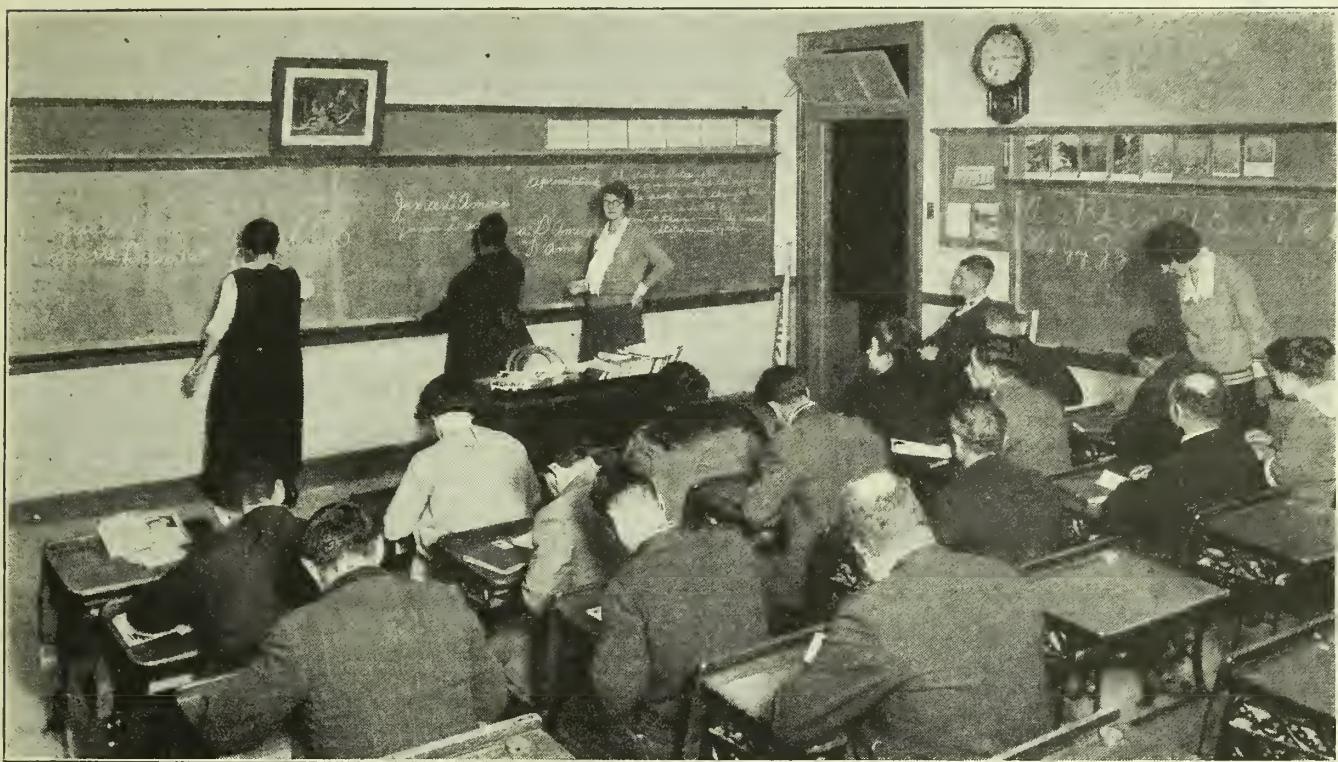
overcoats rubbed the braid on those of major generals. While eating dinner I watched expectantly for "petit Paul," the dwarf newspaper vendor with his short legs and that tremendous voice which at sometime every evening used to resound in every restaurant and café of Chaumont. He did not appear, and inquiry revealed the fact that "petit Paul" made so much money with his "New York Ayrald, Sheecago Treebune, sair? Thank you, sair," that he has long since retired.

Around the corner from the hotel, on the narrow Rue Felix Bablon, the returned doughboy is scheduled for a shock. The Théâtre Municipal has a new front! No more the little, box-like entrance through which one used to pass in to vaudeville shows and the plays of barnstorming theatrical troupes and American soldier entertainments on that stage beside which a conspicuous notice apprehensively drew attention to the fact that "the audience is kindly requested to refrain from throwing anything on the stage." A lofty doorway framed by massive columns gives admission now to Chaumont's local habitation of the drama, and it is fair to presume that the type of plays rendered within has become correspondingly elevated.

It is almost certain to be within a few minutes after the American's arrival in Chaumont, and probably during his first conversation with a normal inhabitant, that the question is propounded to him, with a touch of modest pride, "Have you seen our monument to the Americans?" For myself, I lost no time in seeking this tangible evidence of the regard of the Chaumontais for their former fellow-townersmen of G. H. Q. days and of gratitude to the United States in general for its part in the war. Their pride is justified, for the monument, dedicated with elaborate ceremonies no

(Continued on page 13)

Learning the A. B. C.'s of Americanism



IT was New England, and it was night, and it was winter. Moreover, it was a Californian's conception of a New England winter night. It was snowing, and it had been snowing, and the snow lay on the ground to a depth of six inches. Dim electric street lamps gave a ghostly flicker to the white-surfaced, elm-surrounded common at Guilford, Connecticut. Lights beamed from homes and from a few stores. Two cobblers' shops were noticeably dark. Up the street a way, one building was ablaze with light. It was the graded public school.

Pupils were entering. They were mature enough to be students, or perhaps scholars. The youngest must have been thirty-five; the oldest was at least sixty. In ones and twos they shook the snow from their shoulders at the main entrance, opened the door and made their way to a school room in the rear. Probably eighteen had entered and two pretty young American girls, the teachers, were about to open the class when the door opened again and two more pupils entered. They were almost, but not quite, tardy. And no wonder; Mr. and Mrs. James D'Amico had walked three miles from their home in the country to attend the Tuesday-night class of the Guilford night school—maintained jointly by the town of Guilford and Darrow Post of The American Legion of Guilford.

There were four such married couples in the class. The rest were men. The snow had kept only four pupils from attending that night. The year's

The Guilford (Connecticut) town-and-Legion night school in session, with Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie D'Amico at the blackboard. Department Commander Edward L. White is an interested spectator in the chair near the door. Miss Ethel Candee is teaching at the board, while Miss Helen Duggan gives personal instruction at the desk

By WILLARD
COOPER

work consists of only seventy-five school days (or nights) and no New England blizzard keeps genuinely studious New Englanders, be their names Endicott or Bjornson, from their studies. And the one class of the Guilford night school is genuinely studious.

Last summer there was no such school in Guilford. Nobody thought there ever would be one, especially in a town of not more than 2,500 population, and many of them summer residents. But there were a couple of dozen aliens in Guilford who could speak English but poorly and who could read and write it not all. And there was a post of The American Legion. It was a small post, with only two score members, but it was an active post. When the post heard that other outfits, in places like Logansport, Indiana, maintained night schools in their town, it never occurred that Logansport Post

is considerably larger and richer than the post at Guilford. It only occurred that if Logansport had a night school, Guilford should have one too.

The town ought to finance it, the post members agreed, and they tried to find ways and means of getting the town fathers into the same opinion. It was discovered that the State of Connecticut has a law prescribing that if twenty or more inhabitants of a town petition for night instruction in elementary subjects, the town has no alternative but to open up a night school. So the post got up the petition. Twenty-four signatures were secured. The petition was taken to the school committee. The school committee was properly deferential, but pointed out just one flaw in the splendid law which the Legionnaires gave as authority for their obeying the petition. The flaw was that no penalty was laid down for the punishment of a school committee that violated the law.

A post that wasn't determined to go ahead when it was right might have quit right there. For that matter, a school committee that wasn't broadly sympathetic with the Legion's aims might have dismissed the whole subject permanently. But the post insisted on continuing the argument, and the school committee allowed that while it couldn't finance the night school even for one term, it was in a receptive mood, and was willing to compromise.

The Legion accepted the compromise, and, considering the size of the post, it
(Continued on page 16)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Campaign for The American Legion Endowment

III. The Casualty List Goes On.

NEXT Monday will be the eighth anniversary of America's entry into the World War. No nation ever went to war with a more righteous purpose before it. No nation ever waged a war—and we waged this one in a foreign land three thousand miles away—with more drastic energy and determination to win. If our energy had been less dynamic, our determination less firm, the Allies would not have won. Eighteen months after we went in, with the Allied fortunes at their nethermost ebb, a victorious peace was concluded.

The price we paid was not charged off the books with the signing of the Armistice. The casualty list goes on. Since November of 1918 America has not seized its daily newspaper to read with haste and dread the list of "dead on the field of honor." The green sods of the seventh spring are healing the scars of Flanders Fields, and children are going to school who were not born when the last shell burst beyond the Meuse. But the casualty list goes on.

In the archives of the Veterans Bureau are the names of five thousand men who died last year of wounds and disabilities officially declared to be due to their military service during the World War. Unquestionably there are others, many others, which escaped the Federal tabulators.

Fifteen a day. And others not "of record."

When the sun sets tonight you may know that fifteen more have gone, their names added to this continuing casualty roster which no newspaper prints—which is scanned only by the government clerks who keep the entries up to date. These men are "dead on the field of honor" as truly as their comrades who rest beneath the white crosses in northern France. Not mercifully "killed in action" and gone to their God as every soldier is prepared to go, but mercilessly crippled and maimed, tortured day by weary day, sometimes neglected and almost always forgotten save by a few steadfast friends and kin, until welcome death rescues them from suffering. Five thousand deaths in 1924. In 1923, 4,304. In 1922, 4,556.

In a hospital in Texas which The American Legion built, National Commander Drain held the hand of a boy in the last stages of tuberculosis. He could just speak. "I am a Legionnaire, too, Commander. . . . For God and Country. . . . God goes along with you, Commander, in your work. . . . See the boys through."

The Legion is seeing them through, and to insure a finished job it is taking the American people in as partners to the obligation. This task comprehends advice, counsel and assistance of every character to the United States Veterans Bureau, the government agency of relief to disabled veterans and their dependents and the dependents of those who have died. This work is carried on by two committees of the Legion, the National Rehabilitation Committee and the National Child Welfare Committee. They are services rather than committees—established services extending through 11,000 posts of the Legion and 6,400 units of The American Legion Auxiliary into every community in the land. These services are directed by the most eminent professional talent in the United States. They have an expert paid personnel. After five years, the financial burden has become more than the Legion can bear alone. The director of the Veterans Bureau has said it would be disas-

trous to withdraw or curtail this work. The President of the United States has consented to sponsor and head a campaign to raise a trust or endowment to insure its perpetuation. This fund, now being raised, will be \$5,000,000. The interest only, or about \$225,000 a year, will be expended.

Great as the post-war casualty list has been and is, it would have been much greater had it not been for the Legion, which first grasped the magnitude of the problem of binding up the war's wounds. The Government had not grasped the thing—did not grasp it until the Legion, which mobilized the best brains in America to tackle the task, pointed the way. The Legion created the Veterans Bureau. It has written and directed through Congress virtually every item of legislation calculated to relieve the disabled that has been enacted since 1919. It has made itself indispensable to the payment in full of the debt of honor which America owes its defenders and their widows and orphans.

A few representative particulars of this Legion service to disabled veterans will be given on this page next week.

Just Tell the Story

OUR \$1,000 was raised in six hours time and no one gave any large amount—but when our thousand dollars leaves El Paso it will be a message to the disabled and orphans from over four hundred citizens."

Thus El Paso (Illinois) Post of The American Legion expresses its heartfelt satisfaction in duty done and its pride in the town in which it lives.

Unlike the Texas metropolis, El Paso, Illinois, has but 1,638 inhabitants, and El Paso Post this year has 77 members, four more than last year. Its accomplishment, therefore, is a tabloid of perfection. Because it expresses so well the Legion spirit now at work in thousands of other towns, El Paso Post's story is herewith related in the words of Clay M. Donner, the post finance officer, who writes:

When our allotment was given us, our commander called a meeting of the post executive committee, which decided to interest the whole community in the drive. The following evening representatives of all our churches and civic and fraternal organizations met with the post's executive committee. The Endowment Fund was explained. Everybody agreed to act on a committee to put the drive over. H. H. Gordon, former mayor, was made chairman, and Virgil C. Gordon, our post commander, secretary. The city and adjoining country was divided into districts, and one man was given charge of each district, to organize his territory and select his own helpers. The chairman then named a publicity committee of Legionnaires. Our local paper printed a complete account of the drive. One Sunday the pastors of all the churches made announcements and on the following Sunday a Legionnaire gave a short talk in each church, explaining in our own words just why the Legion needs this fund. Similar talks were given in the local theaters. Monday, March 9th, was the day set for the drive. Everybody in town and the nearby country knew about the drive, and they knew that on Monday afternoon some one would call at their homes and places of business and get their pledges. When the solicitors called they had to tell no story—the people knew all about the drive and they gave, each what he could afford to give.

Repeatedly The American Legion has affirmed that its plea on behalf of the nation's disabled service men and orphans of veterans is so grounded in justice and humanity that it needs only to be told simply and frankly to carry conviction. El Paso Post confirms this view. So can every community in the land.

❖ ❖ ❖

Fashion note: Dough.

❖ ❖ ❖

Few motorists brag about how fast they have been towed in.

❖ ❖ ❖

Besides saving \$1,000 a Wisconsin student paid his expenses through college by playing a mandolin. Pretty soft picking for him.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

They have him at last. I was going to say that I was glad for his sake, as he will sit stuffed in a high place where none of his kind ever sat before, *Talking About Rare Birds* as the most important duck on earth. On second thought, however, I fear that he slept on duty; his family will disown him and his tribe will brand his memory with ignominy.

It had long been known that in northern India, in the swamps under the shadows of the Himalayas, dwelt a pink-headed wild duck. No museum on earth had a specimen of him. In 1922-'23 the American Museum of Natural History sent out the Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition, the most elaborate ever equipped, with a great train of elephants, hoping to get the duck and also the pygmy shrew which is the smallest known mammal in existence. It got a white rhinoceros, a deer with a voice like a bell, a deer with a flute note, and also the shrew, but the pink-headed duck was still a hold-out—in spite of all those elephants.

Another expedition was organized. Concentration now. The best native hunters were employed—but still no duck. Just as hope was being given up a native who had read a notice of the large reward for one pink-headed duck, dead or alive, and who had for two years been sneaking through the rushes, without the aid of any elephants, sent in a dead one.

Let the rest of the pink heads beware. One by one the fastnesses of the wild have been conquered until even a coy pink-headed duck may not enjoy privacy in a swamp on the top of the world. Men want to have what no one else has, to do what no one else has done. That is the pioneering that makes progress. Someone will yet bring in a live pink-headed duck—a pair perhaps. Eventually pink-headed ducks may be common in our barnyards.

From their Washington bureau the Soviets are starting a propaganda for recognition by our Government. Certain powerful financial interests are said to be *Still the Same Soviets* backing the movement. The appeal is that Russia is coming back economically, and we need her markets.

Meanwhile, another kind of Soviet propaganda has not ceased. It goes on publicly through the American Communist Party's organ, the *Daily Worker*, and secretly in the increase of groups which are spreading the gospel of Lenin in America. Its central executive committee announces that it takes its orders from Moscow and that its program is revolution by seditious force. No wonder the Soviets oppose the Legion's proposal that foreign language papers should have their matter translated into parallel columns of English so the rest of us can understand what kind of teaching is going on under our noses.

Austria recognized the Soviets, and there are three hundred "workers" attached to the Soviet legation in Vienna trying to foment anarchy in that poverty-stricken land. England recognized the Soviets and they are keeping up their seditious preaching in England itself and in India and Egypt. France recognized them, and they have kept on with their revolutionary propaganda in France and tried to foment a native rebellion against French authority in Morocco. Italy recognized them with the same experience. Japan followed up her recognition with a law which makes the advocacy of communism in Japan a prison offense. If

we were to do the same the jails of some of our big cities would need annexes.

There is, of course, no more danger of Bolshevik lunacy overthrowing our Government than that the Mississippi River will go dry. We want to help the Russian people; we want them to prosper and we want to trade with them. But when it comes to recognition a principle is involved. It is not that of free speech, which is the first defense of liberty, but it is that of recognizing a government which is trying to organize within our borders sedition against our own Government.

We have been in no hurry to recognize the Soviets, so far. France, England and Italy have not profited by their recognition. Reports seem to agree that they regret it. We had better continue to go slow until we have better assurance that the loans which the Soviets hope to get from our financiers are to be spent in rebuilding Russia instead of spreading Sovietism.

What more practical Legion work than this? A four line item tells us that the local post of Fort Pierce, Florida, is going to clean up the town. In Buffalo *Why Not Be Clean?* Bill's day this would have meant using six-shooters. At Fort Pierce it means soap and water and garbage pails. Fort Pierce is not the only town that needs cleaning. We all know a few. Many of us live in one. A town may have plenty of bath tubs yet look like a hobo.

Tin cans and uncovered garbage at the back door beget slovenly citizenship. You are not a good citizen unless you are interested in keeping others' yards as well as your own clean. Cleanliness not only stands for individual and communal health but for individual and communal self-respect. A dirty town must not complain if its children are dirty. A town is just as warranted as a woman in primping before the mirror in order to look well. Clean, comely and beautiful surroundings bring beauty into the lives of all and make cleanliness and good appearance a public habit. They attract new residents and raise real estate values.

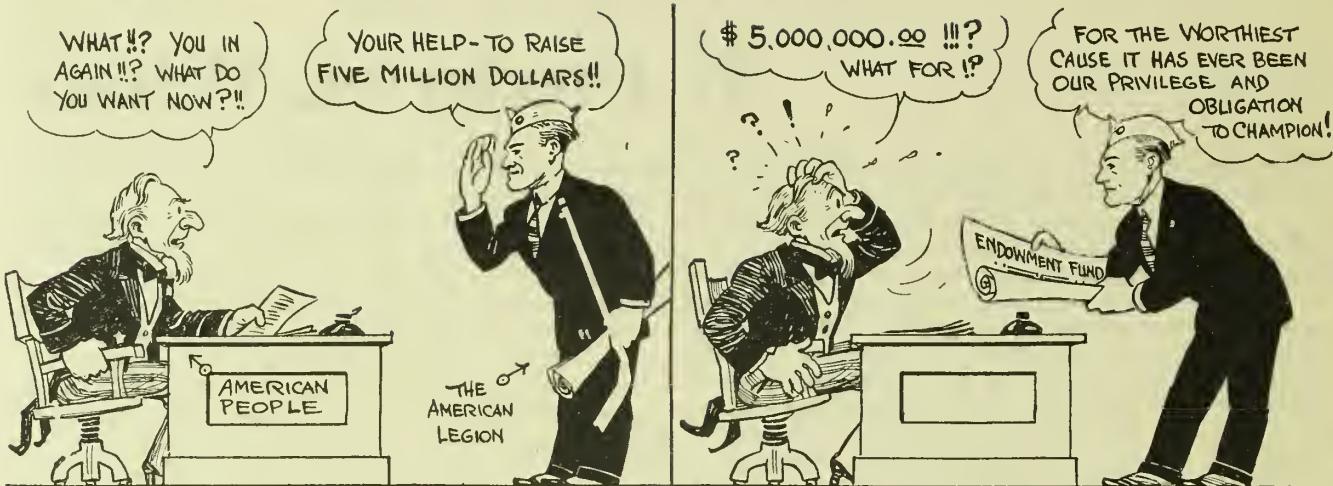
Inelegant, But— E. L. E. of Blundinsville, Illinois, hopes that I want praise as well as criticism. I do. He objects to my phrase, "It took guts," which I used in describing some of the rough work required to make and defend the nation, as being "slangy and inelegant." Freely I admit that it is both.

There are times when you feel and act both slangy and inelegant and you get no satisfaction at all in just lisping "Oh, dear!" or "Naughty, naughty!" Anybody in the trenches, or putting his last ounce of strength into any job, has no time to spare for cross-word puzzling with the aid of a dictionary.

Let us say, to please you, E. L. E., that it took courage, fortitude, organization, endurance, will, unselfishness, patriotism, sacrifice—and so on, without yet saying as much as you might with that word of four letters. And I ask the pardon of the Auxiliary for putting it in print. If they hesitate to grant amnesty I beg them to consult their soldier relatives, who may—to use more long words, E. L. E.—palliate my transgression out of their transcendental experience.

Not Alone This Time

By Wallgren



No, not alone this time. For more than five years The American Legion has fought single-handed to win for the disabled service man the right kind of hospitals and the laws saving him and his family from suffering while he regains his health and trains himself in a new occupation, but now the whole country is lining up with the Legion to make sure that the good work will go on. The

Legion's campaign to raise \$5,000,000 as a permanent Endowment Fund for the disabled and orphans of veterans is being supported not only by those who fought beside those who died; it is being supported also by those who could not serve in uniform in war days. Every dollar they give now will help those who gave their blood and strength then and the orphans of those who gave all.

On the Trail of the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 8)

longer ago than June, 1923, on a conspicuous site opposite the Boulingrin Park with the dark masses of trees along the Boulevard Gambetta as a background, is an expressive symbol of Franco-American friendship. The arriving American soldier, receiving the cordial handclasp of the Spirit of France as she stands with her other arm resting maternally over the shoulder of her own war-worn poilu, is a faithful type of the energetic, clean-cut doughboy who composed the backbone of the A. E. F. Though dedicated by the then President of France, M. Poincaré, with the assistance of an impressive assemblage of French and American dignitaries, civil and military, the cost of the monument was defrayed entirely by a popular subscription to which every town in the Department of the Haute-Marne contributed, the largest part being raised in Chaumont itself.

It is a good thing that such a memorial to American General Headquarters has been raised, for already oblivion has overtaken most of the once overwhelming evidences of our occupation of Chaumont. Walking by the old familiar route from town toward Damremont Barracks one finds himself in what seems a veritable desert when he comes to the Champ de Mars, formerly filled to repletion by the big entertainment hut and the rambling Officers' Y. M. C. A. building, but now devoted exclusively to the production of dust or mud, depending on the weather. Nor does anything from driveway to driveway across the wide, cindered central paths of the Avenue des Etats-Unis appear much more sociable as one wends his way northward toward the caserne. Old Camp Babcock, where the Marines used to hold forth, I looked upon through the depressing medium of a passing shower which added to the melancholy aspect of its rough and weed-grown surface, innocent of the least trace of the crowded barracks which once completely hid the roofs and the eighteenth century dome of the Hôpital Civil, on the further side. A little distance on somewhat similar conditions prevail on the site of the old G. H. Q. garage and motor transport park, except that some of the buildings still stand and are in use as a storage place and also apparently as a repair shop for a few decrepit old automobiles and trucks, some of them beyond doubt of the vintage of 1918.

But the most complete sense of desolation encountered anywhere descends upon the returned Yank when he stands upon the deserted quadrangle of the Caserne Damremont itself and regards the silent buildings which were once the buzzing hives of American G. H. Q. The place is in good order and repair, so far as that is concerned, and it would not be so bad if it were occupied by French troops, as are the casernes in most French garrison towns. But Damremont Barracks are not so occupied because the colonial regiment to which they are nominally assigned is somewhere in the Rhine-land—or at least was at the time of my visit—and the troops present constitute a mere depot detachment which is quite lost in this vast expanse of

buildings. Even the warm cordiality of M. Chabut, the "casernier," or caretaker, who with his family occupies the building at the left of the entrance gates where formerly the British Mission had its home, could not impart an air of cheerfulness to the surroundings as we traversed the echoing halls and opened, one after another, the doors of the big, musty rooms once filled with desks and maps and filing cabinets and clicking typewriters and, more than all, with busy, alert figures in uniform ranging all the way from buck privates to brigadier generals.

M. Chabut, too, had been there during the war, so he knew what the atmosphere had been, and he was almost wistful as we peered into the former private office of General Pershing and saw it transformed into a storeroom piled high with hillocks of colonial uniforms where once had stood the desk of the C-in-C, and contemplated the vacant chamber across the hall where General Harbord and General McAndrew had successively presided as chief of staff.

Northward along the front of the caserne, beyond the old firewood and "petrol" depot, a French lieutenant and his family live in the brick building where once a month the ghost used to walk under the supervision of Captain Jakka, post paymaster. To me the sight of the jovial captain in his old rôle would have been delightful (and opportune, at that moment), but he was vanished with the rest of "this man's Army," though the French couple, who evidently have welcoming and sympathetic hands to extend to all former American habitués who come prowling about the old haunts, declared that he had been back, with his wife, a year or so ago looking things over.

If, after inspecting his erstwhile office, the captain also looked over the valley northward and westward and eastward from the point of the hill where the incinerators used to smoulder he would not have observed there such desolation as has fallen upon the caserne itself. Out yonder the valley of the Marne, richly green, sleeps gently as of yore beneath sunshine and shower, and the blue ribbon of the canal still sweeps round the base of the pine-clad hill toward Condes, and the village spires of Brethenay and Treix are distinct against the far horizon, while away to the right on the bald plateau beside the Neufchâteau road one can still discern by looking closely traces of old Hanlin Field, where flourished the Gas Defense School.

The Chabut family and I made up a party and drove out the road that winds down into the Marne valley past Saint Aignan's cemetery, crossed the river and the canal just beyond and then climbed the long slope northeastward toward Andelot, to see what mortuary remains might be left at Hanlin Field. They are not numerous. Chiefly they consist of some concrete floors and sub-surface tanks, half hidden in the close upland turf; of the pathways, now overgrown, but still elaborately bordered with shards of stone, which led up to the Y. M. C. A. building and, most conspicuous of all, the ample fireplace and chimney of that

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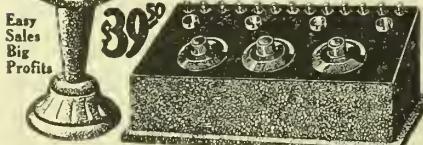
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"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." The Caserne Damremont was once General Headquarters, A. E. F. General Pershing's office was in the building at the left. When Mr. Hanson revisited the caserne it was empty even of French troops, its regular garrison being on duty in the Rhineland

departed structure itself, once the center of homelike cheer and comfort in the midst of the barracks village. The chimney looms like a spectre over the level prairie and crystallizes one's decision to turn immediately and go back to town where souvenirs less suggestive of the leveling processes of time can be sought in a more cheerful atmosphere.

There is, however, one spot on the return trip which no American would consciously neglect even if he were not reminded of it by the monument beside the road just in front of St. Aignan's chapel. This is the site of the American cemetery which lay until something like two years ago beside the older French parish cemetery. The weeds and rough grass now cloaking the upheaved ground sloping down to the Marne would hardly betray to a stranger that here had been the resting place of the bodies of hundreds of brave men, most of whom died in Base Hospital No. 15, until they were removed for return to the United States or final interment in some one of our permanent cemeteries in France. But with the fine delicacy of feeling so often shown by them in such matters the French have commemorated the fact for the years to come in the dignified monument beside the Neufchâteau road which bears on its face, side by side, the coats-of-arms of the United States and of Chaumont and the legend, in French:

"1917-1921. This simple stone will recall to future generations that here has been a cemetery containing the bodies of more than six hundred Americans who fought at our sides for right and liberty."

Such expressions of feeling as this go deeper than surface courtesy. They come from the hearts of the people, as any American may easily learn for himself by mingling with them again.

It is harder to select a few than to relate many of the incidents and facts which are forced upon one's attention at almost every street corner and in nearly every shop of Chaumont. Acquaintances, old or new, furnish some of them; others one encounters for himself. I might tell, for instance, of visiting again the Trefousse glove fac-

tory and reading on a marble plaque in the hallway of the office building the proud declaration that on a certain date in 1919, General Pershing and his staff had honored the establishment by a visit and inspection. I could speak of the experience of encountering once more on the streets the aquiline visage and black, pointed beard of M. Levy-Alphandery, now a member of the Chamber of Deputies but formerly mayor of Chaumont, in which capacity, garbed in the uniform of a French major, he was always a conspicuous figure at the big ceremonial functions of American G. H. Q. The statistical fact might be cited that nine American ex-doughboys—count 'em, nine—are now living permanently in Chaumont, married to Chaumont girls and, so far as evidence is obtainable, living happily ever after. One of them is in the grocery business on the Avenue Victoire de la Marne; what occupations the others are following I did not learn.

Or the circumstance could be dwelt upon that the Restaurant Pillot et Hôtel de la Tourelle, across the Place Emile Goguenheim from the Gare, has passed into the hands of new proprietors, and though some of the employees are still of the old régime and cordially glad to see former American patrons, the erstwhile head of the establishment, M. Pillot, having prospered sufficiently during war times (largely, it is to be presumed, through olive-drab patronage) has retired to a life of well-earned leisure in one of the tree-embowered residences on the Boulevard Gambetta.

Change of proprietors seems to have become popular in the hotels and cafés of Chaumont since the war, though perhaps not always because of unusual prosperity during that lurid period. At any rate, the Café de Foy, denuded of its dining tables and the cozy alcove in the rear with its air of exclusiveness, under new management has ceased to be a restaurant and become wholly what its name always implied, a café.

But over on the other side of town, beside the steep street which pitches down past the foot of the Palais de Justice into the Faubourg des Tanneries, I met with a pleasant surprise.

Probably not everyone who had a wartime acquaintance with Chaumont knew the Restaurant Trampé, but certainly everyone who did know it remembers Léone, the pretty little daughter of the proprietor, who always waited on table and whose attractive personality, even more than the good food served there, made the Restaurant Trampé a pleasant place to eat. When I entered the place it was as unchanged as though I had last been there but the day before, with the two rows of tables on opposite sides of the room, benches against the walls and chairs on the outside.

And here, sure enough, before my incredulous eyes appeared Léone to take my order—a little older, a little more sedate, but with hair no less golden and smile no less frank than in the past. She did not recognize me instantly—the change from uniform to civilian clothes makes a difference in one's appearance—but when she did she was genuinely delighted that one of the old throng of Americans had wandered back again to Chaumont and had not forgotten to look her up. Léone is married now and has a tiny baby, which no candid person can honestly say looks much like its mother yet, but which may be fortunate enough to do so in time.

Out in the edge of the Faubourg des Tanneries, close to the Suize and at the foot of the slope where the road climbs out of the valley and runs off in the direction of Bar-sur-Aube and Paris, is the other new wonder of Chaumont which, perhaps next to the Franco-American monument, is esteemed by the Chaumontais more highly than any other recent embellishment of their city. It is the "Grotte de Notre-Dame de Lourdes," in a little new park called the Parc Sainte-Marie. Of course it is not the famous shrine of the High Pyrenees itself, but so far as appearance goes it might as well be, for it is a faithful duplicate of the original. As nearly as I could ascertain, it has been built by some wealthy individual in fulfillment of a vow that if he lived through

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the perils of the war he would establish at Chaumont this copy of the miraculous grotto.

Though I first saw it at close range, a comprehensive view of the grotto and of a vast and lovely sweep of landscape besides, is also to be seen from the little garden of the Palais de Justice, perched high up on a fragment of the ramparts of the ancient château. This spot, always a favorite lookout for those who cared for attractive views, I visited as formerly by passing through several big, semi-dark chambers of the Palais, including the chamber of the Court of Assizes, and finally through a long hall at the end of which a door opens on the garden. I had been there alone for some time, enjoying that peaceful panorama outspread beneath the afternoon sunshine and thinking of those who had sometimes looked at it with me in times past, when I heard the creak of the massive door behind me and turned to see that an old man, thin and bent, had entered the garden. He was irritated, I at once discovered, because I had neglected to ask permission to enter the garden, and he informed me in abrupt terms that the place was not public and that I had no business there. I was surprised at this and replied that I did not know permission was necessary, as I used to come down during the war, when everybody entered this garden freely.

"Yes," he returned, though less gruffly, "during the war. But the war is over. We do things differently now."

There was no use in denying this fact, so I did not but walked with him slowly toward the door, conscious,

however, that he was eying me. Presently he asked:

"Were you here in the American Army?"

"Yes," I replied. "For a long time." "And you used to come up here to look at the view?"

"Yes. It's a lovely view."

"Yes, it is," he agreed. Then he added, slowly, "Have you looked at it all you want to this time?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," I returned. "I'm quite ready to go."

"Because if you want to look some more, go ahead." Contritely, he went on, "I am sorry I bothered you."

"Why, that's all right, of course," I answered. "It's the rule. I'm sorry I didn't ask permission."

"You see," he summed it up, "I didn't know you were an American soldier."

At the outer door I offered him some small coins, but he refused them almost indignantly and mumbled something more about being sorry. As I walked down the front steps of the Palais I passed a Frenchman with his family who had driven up in a car while I had been within. They approached the old concierge for permission to enter, but he shook his head and informed them that it was "defendu," so they turned away again. In some ways—yes, in most ways—it is still worth while to be an American in Chaumont.

This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Hanson on present-day aspects of familiar A. E. F. haunts. The fourth article, on Neufchâteau, will appear in an early issue of the Weekly.

Learning the A. B. C.'s of Americanism

(Continued from page 9)

was a rather expensive compromise. But the Legion was willing to spend the money. By the compromise, the school committee offered to furnish heat, light and quarters and pay part (it will amount to half) of the cost of instruction. The Legion pays the remainder of the cost of instruction and all other costs.

So the school started, and it's a going concern. The going, too, is even more interesting than was the starting. Ask Ethel Candee or Helen Duggan—the teachers. Ask Jimmie and Rosa D'Amico, who walk three miles three times a week to attend, and have kept a one hundred percent attendance record.

Like everybody else in the class, Jimmie and Rosa (don't think they are so young because they are so familiarly regarded; they're on the shady side of thirty-five), Jimmie and Rosa are studying reading and writing and a little history and a little more civics. Arithmetic, they learned in the old country. One and one makes two alike in Italy and America. Proficiency in English will permit them to apply their Italian arithmetic to American problems. Everybody else thinks so. All the pupils in Guilford night school face economic problems brought about by their transplantation. The more they learn about the English language and American customs, the better off they will be.

The earning of more money, however, is not their only interest in American education. There are, for instance, two pupils who cannot possibly increase their earning capacity by learning English. These two are John Markovitz and Giovanni Cappeloni, of Jugoslavia and Italy, respectively. Each will admit that he has pretty nearly reached the economic limits of his profession in Guilford. The admission is reasonable, too, when you consider that these amiable school mates are the rival cobblers of the town.

Obviously, the two cobblers are learning English talk and American history simply because they want to be Americans. They have their first American citizenship papers, like the other members of the class, and they are going through with the process of naturalization. America satisfies them; Guilford satisfies them; the cobbling business satisfies them, even if they are hard competitors. But their ignorance of American ways and American talk is highly unsatisfactory to them both. The Legion will help them with their naturalization, but the education necessary to naturalization may be obtained only through study. They are good enough Americans to sacrifice fully half of their leisure to learn more about their adopted country.

George Genossoni, on the other hand, is a little too sophisticated to admit that his principal reason for wanting to

study in the school is patriotic. He will not admit that Mrs. Genossoni, even, goes to school for that reason. He says that the ability to read and write in English as well as Italian will help him in his business. Mrs. Genossoni goes along as a matter of course, evidently. But conversation with George will draw more reasons from him. For example, it is transparent that he is embarrassed by the superior educational advantages of the children. There are several of them, and two of them have been through high school, and they are much more Americanized than their parents, and the knowledge seems to distress the parents a little. The parents are sensible enough to realize that once a child gets to know more than his father and mother, that child is worth copying after—even by his own father and mother. Moreover, Papa Genossoni cannot get his final naturalization papers until he is more familiar with the language. So he goes to school and tries to convince himself and others that his reason for going is purely selfish.

But he is fooling nobody. He is notoriously generous and patriotic. And now that he and Mamma Genossoni have learned something about the language, they have decided that the children ought to learn a little Italian; education never hurts anybody. So the parents are teaching the children Italian, not with the idea of making Italians out of them, but with the idea of making them better Americans by giving them more education than they ordinarily would receive.

Few of these Guilford pupils, by the way, are downright illiterate. Most of them learned to read and write in the old country. But they learned to read and write in Polish and Serbian and Italian—the majority of them in Italian. At least one of them confided to the writer that he had some curiosity about English literature; he had heard that there were some mighty fine books in English, and it is hard to get hold of books written in Italian if you live in Guilford, Connecticut. He is learning.

The learning is a rather slow process. The instruction is approximately what you would expect in the first and second grades. Because the pupils have adult reasoning powers, however, it is possible to combine the study of reading with the study of history and the study of civics. Here's the way a lesson will run:

"This country is a republic. A republic is a country where the people elect their own rulers, and make their own laws."

Mr. McGuffey and other primer-authors will correct me if the quotation is in any way inaccurate. Anyhow, it's a good paraphrase of a sentence from the ordinary lesson in reading. Most of the lessons contain definitions of American institutions. Once in a while a lesson is devoted to the high spots of history. Example:

"George Washington was general of the American armies when the colonies won their independence from England. Later he became the first President of the United States."

Such lessons may sound puerile to the educated Americans who read them, but they are vitally interesting to the foreign-born citizens of Guilford. Moreover, the glimpses the pupils are afforded into the history of their adopted

country give them curiosity. They want to learn more. Half the class has been asking at the public library about simple books on American history. Some of the class plan to study English reading and American history just as long as they can find teachers.

Early in this article, there was a querulous remark about the status of those who attended the Guilford Night School. Are they pupils or students? They have adult capabilities, but the belief has fixed itself on the writer's mind that they are at heart child-like grade-school pupils when they attend night school. Their conduct is similar to that of school children studying the same subjects. They may never throw paper at the teachers, but they help each other out just as little children would.

As when Jimmie D'Amico was at the blackboard. He was asked by the teacher to pronounce the letters in his own name. He made the d and the a and the m and the i, but got stumped on c, which he called "chi," in the Italian manner. Every other pupil in the room immediately hissed at him, in a stage whisper, as if the teacher could not hear, "Not chi, Jimmie, but c."

The night I went to Guilford one Legionnaire was "visiting" the school. He was a modest chap and went away, after a while. Department Commander Edward L. White (who as department adjutant helped convince the Guilford school committee that the school would be a good thing for the town) was present, and the pupils seemed greatly interested in him, and to regard him with considerable respect. Somebody in the Legion is forever showing interest in the school, and it is no disparagement to say that the Legion in Guilford wants the town soon to take on full financial responsibility for instruction. The Legion gave the thing its start, but after all, the benefit will be for the whole town, and the post has a lot of service work to do for veterans.

The town probably will soon accept all the burden. Townspeople are learning from their shoemakers and their brick-masons and their gardeners that the school is a good thing, and that some day they will have better shoemakers and brick-masons and gardeners as a result of it. There will be a town meeting soon. The town may then decide to take up the Legion's share of the burden.

But the Legion will always get the credit from Jimmie and Rosa D'Amico.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

27TH ENG.—Reunion of Northern Minnesota section of this outfit at Hibbing, Minn., April 4. Address H. M. Rutherford, P. O. Box 693, Hibbing.

BASE HOSPITAL 34.—Annual reunion and banquet at Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 7 p. m. Address S. Sanderson, 1506 Edna St., Philadelphia.

1ST DIV. OFFICERS—Midwestern section's second annual dinner at Chicago Athletic Club, April 18. Address Charles S. Lewis, Jr., Room 604, 844 Rush St., Chicago.

316TH INF. OFFICERS—Annual reunion in Atlantic City, N. J., April 18-19. Address F. A. Van Dyke, 4047 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL 3 (Originally Evac. Hosp. 1)—Fourth annual reunion April 25. Address Russell Harris, 29 Parkview Terrace, Newark, N. J.



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UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted largely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost see him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people—young and old, rich and poor—have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

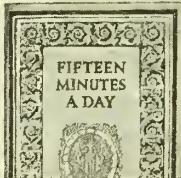
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This Endowment Job

(Continued from page 6)

reason for his specifications. "With a bond of that sort, besides the legal adoption, we are likely to make a good deal better parents to the youngsters than we otherwise could."

He is right. There is a bond between a former service man and the children of one of his deceased buddies. We assured that man that the Legion Child Welfare Service would find him children answering the description he gave if we had to kill a First Division man to do it.

This is only one of a number of instances which have come to my attention of bona fide requests for children for adoption into Legion homes, since the Endowment Fund Campaign began a few weeks ago to bring the subject to the attention of Legionnaires who happened to attend campaign meetings. Before the campaign is concluded we shall have hundreds of such requests, the outgrowth of campaign meetings and campaign publicity.

Until now, we never have talked much about our relief work. We have felt that it is one of those things which are a privilege to do, but which are not to be talked about any more than you would enlarge on a discussion of how much you love your mother. We have talked about it inside the Legion family as a matter of fact; outside, we have preferred to keep within the dictates of good taste by letting our actions do the talking.

Now, however, when we come to soliciting people for funds to maintain the work, we find that not only outsiders but also a very large proportion of all Legionnaires actually do not realize what we have been doing. The average man does not even realize that a gap exists between the government relief agencies and the man in need of relief—much less does he realize that the Legion bridges this gap. Certainly he does not realize that we have never distinguished in this work between our own members and any other service men.

We are not asking anything for the Legion when we ask for contributions to this fund. Rather we are offering an opportunity to take part in a service which fills a national need, the service of relief for men disabled in their war, and the orphans of veterans who fought for them.

The Legion's Rehabilitation Service, for example, has an organization built up to parallel the Veterans Bureau organization, so that it may function with the Bureau to the best advantage of the disabled. It has maintained liaison men, or secretaries, at each district office of the Bureau, to prosecute there the claims which were under consideration in these offices, as well as the central office staff it has maintained at Washington.

The American Legion in its successful effort to serve disabled men and orphans of veterans is making this effort its principal concern not because the whole of the Legion's duty to America and to civilization is embraced in these activities; it puts them first because the Legion is closest to them. By reason of that closeness and special knowledge it feels itself possessed of an

exceptional, almost an unique, capacity to do these things.

Even the average Legionnaire, who has not come into direct contact with these activities and the often pitiful cases with which they deal, wants to be shown. But problems of this sort are not decreasing; rather they are increasing, until today we have reached new peaks in hospitalization of the two largest classes of patients, tuberculous and mental. He will, if he remains an active member of the Legion, inevitably be brought into direct contact with these cases, for there are more of them all of the time.

The time will come, and soon, when every post in The American Legion will have a real service officer charged with the direction of efforts by the post and its members in aid of disabled men and veterans' orphans. There will be need for it even in places for which there is no such need today. We cannot continue to be satisfied with getting these men, broken in war, out of hospital and in employment. We must help them return to a normal condition of soul and mind and body, before we consider any such job as completed. Men who have been through the kind of hell that many of these disabled men have encountered need the kind of help which only human contact can give. And, not far in the future, part of the duties of the full-time paid workers of our Rehabilitation service will be to instruct these post service officers, and help them connect up with the work their posts wish them to do. Even where there are no disabled men or orphans in a locality, the post can take under its wing such cases from territories less fortunate.

I HAVE said that many of our good Legionnaires even do not know the needs because they have lacked the contact. And these are the men who want to be shown—and are entitled to be shown—why the Endowment Fund is a necessity. They would know it was a necessity if they came into contact with even a normal's day's work for any district rehabilitation committee chairman.

For instance, there is one man I happen to know of today. He is in hospital, with something ailing his spine. Within a year or two he will die, so they tell me, and there is no known way to save him.

The Legion proved up the fact that this man had incurred his disability in the service. It got him admitted to hospital, and under the provisions of the law he thereupon became entitled to compensation. This compensation is all that keeps his old mother alive; she was absolutely dependent on him.

He was reluctant to go to the hospital in the first place. He was reluctant to accept the compensation money, for, as he said, "I simply did my duty and it's nobody else's fault I got hurt." The only way he was prevailed upon to accept was because of his mother's distressing need. The district chairman, pending the arrival of the man's first pay check, advanced him twenty-five dollars which he sent his

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mother. And if it had not been for the Legion's activities in this case, the mother would today not be receiving the benefits which the law intends that she receive.

The Auxiliary, too, has done tremendous good—especially on the side of human contacts. Women are better at that than are men. They know when the particular need, for a soldier's widow, is to take care of her children so that she can earn a living. They know when to give her employment in their own homes, and when to seek it in business channels. They know how to smooth over the rough spots for a sick boy in hospital—and do it. But even these good workers could do nowhere near as much as they are doing if the Legion service did not put them in touch with the cases.

The income from The American Legion Endowment Fund will be used not only to further the work which I have described, but also to co-operate with the Veterans Bureau and every other worthy agency having to do with the disabled man problem. On the child welfare side, it will help to connect up with the work of, and to work through, the Federal and state agencies, national and other societies interested in child welfare so that there will be interference with no worthy agency and assistance to every one of them.

In America today there are hundreds of thousands of neglected and underprivileged children. One could hardly hope to overdo the multiplication of child welfare agencies so long as they are co-ordinated, or at least maintained with a reasonable degree of co-operation among them. If The American Legion takes care of any number of orphans of veterans, then by just so much does it relieve the load of work for the general body of neglected children.

Some States have inadequate or obsolete children's codes. Other States are far in advance of the procession. It will be the Legion's work to assist so far as possible to develop proper legislative programs in the backward States, to bring up the general level of child welfare work by public agencies.

Back of all of this is an underlying philosophy which governs most of us in

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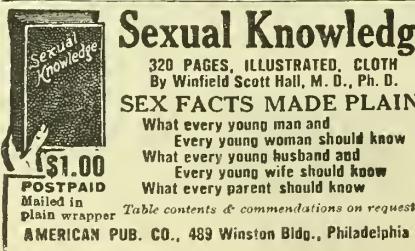
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What every young man and

Every young woman should know

What every young husband and

Every young wife should know

What every parent should know

Table contents & commendations on request

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our daily lives, and which governs the world. Almost all of us believe in some First Cause—a God dispensing justice, rewarding virtue, punishing vice, impersonally and according to an unchanging and wholly beneficent law. Where so many men believe, there must be at least some degree of truth.

The physical echoes of the World War have scarcely died away, its shocks to our minds and spirits have left us still shaking. In conventional words, if there is a God as we believe, He made war or consented to its making just as He ended it or allowed it to end. Men who think much upon these subjects, and without prejudice, believe that whatever happens in the world has a good reason behind it, and that one of the phases of the universal law is that men are allowed within the limits of that law a very considerable freedom of action. In short, in the overwhelming majority of cases a man can make himself a good man or a bad man, make himself weak or make himself strong as he chooses.

"What," do you ask, "is the application of this to The American Legion Endowment Fund?" The answer seems to me clear.

The World War took a great deal out of the world: Men's lives; lives of defenseless women and helpless children; it took health; it distorted normal bodies into vessels of agony; it burned and blew up and sunk tens of billions of dollars' worth of property.

For all this there must be some compensation. In the long run, if our belief in the universal law is right, there must be full compensation, and to spare. But that compensation is not going to come to the world unless the men who are left in it do their share to bring it to the world.

Does it not seem reasonable that those men who have been closest to the center of that cataclysm which we call war should have both an intellectual and an intuitive grasp of its meaning beyond that of other men? And that their vision of the way which leads to a better America and a better world is the clearer because the shocks of war have shaken them down a little closer to the bedrock of truth?

You might have some difficulty in proving this to some men who had not been a part of the war. But there will be no difficulty in making it plain to one with war experience.

Making up to the world what it lost through the World War is one of the things The American Legion lives for. To lessen the pain of the man to whom war brought pain, to care for the orphan of the man who lost his life through the war, to give the man who by wounds or disease was shifted from the normal every chance to get back to health and happiness—these are some of the things, simple things, to be identified as lessening the losses of the war.

Compensations of other sorts: reading the lessons of war so that they shall make us wish to, and teach us how to, avoid other wars; knowledge of better ways of life as to clean living and and right thinking, first always for ourselves and then for those we contact with; and a myriad of other efforts which we can make to strike a balance with the war's entries on the red side—these are within our reach and can be done.

All of this is based upon the fundamental proposition that men who served together in a military force in war can be bound together in a fraternity stronger than any other experience creates; that all men at heart and for the most part want to be good and do good. To succeed in this they must be joined together to act as a unit.

Never since the world of man began has there been such an opportunity afforded any men as is now in the grasp of the men of The American Legion. They are citizens of a nation which has the moral, spiritual, the physical power to dominate the world for the good of that world. (And, mark you, when I say 'dominate,' I do not mean by force of arms, but by virtue of moral precept, example and rightness.)

And The American Legion, holding to its creed, standing for God and country, and working for God and country, is the power within that nation which can shape its course for every righteous end wherever it will. This is no dream, no figment of the imagination. It is the cold, clear truth. Even one million Legionnaires could do it. But there will soon be two million Legionnaires, and more. The chances of success, of course, increase as the numbers grow.

WITHIN the last two months, I have taken a message of this sort from one end of this country to the other. I have been frankly advocating the Endowment Fund, and nothing else has had much attention from me.

But everywhere I have taken this message—be it to Birmingham, or to New York, Chicago, or Salt Lake City, everywhere—I have seen eyes gleam, faces light, and from the lips of thousands of Legionnaires and other citizens representing the best in our country have heard this is what the country wants, what the Legion wants, what every one of us wants.

I'll say to you that this is what we shall all get. We are embarked on a campaign which is a sacred duty. As this is written, several States have made and exceeded their quotas. Every other State is going to do just as well.

The Legion has made a record for itself of getting what it sets out to get. I have no reason to change my opinion that we shall get this Endowment Fund rolled up in a hurry.

But we shall not do it by wishing for it. We shall do it by every active Legionnaire putting his shoulder to the wheel, and pushing. He must give to his own limit, and get others to do the same thing.

Then we cannot fail.

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Roy L. Chopek Post of The American Legion and its Auxiliary Unit will broadcast from Station WSIU, University of Iowa, Iowa City (483.6 meters) from 7:30 p. m. to 9. Saturday, April 11.

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APPLICATIONS FROM CAPABLE AGENTS CONSIDERED

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TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

ALFRED H. ARTHUR, *Harwood Post*, Joliet, Ill. D. Feb. 26 at Denver, Col., aged 29. Served in Signal Corps.

CARL H. BAUER, *Harrison Township Post*, Natura, Pa. D. Feb. 20. Served with Co. G, 2nd Eng., 2nd Div.

MASON BEAN, *Roscoe Enloe Post*, Jefferson City, Mo. D. Feb. 1, aged 28. Served in Co. C, 55th Eng.

DANIEL C. CAMERON, *Arlington (Mass.) Post*, D. Mar. 4, aged 30. Served with Med. Det., Ft. Williams, Me.

HOMER B. CHRISTMAN, *Monroe Post*, Woodfield, O. D. Jan. 10, aged 31. Served with Co. C, 336th M. G. Bn.

NELSON CLINE, *New Matamoras (O.) Post*, D. Feb. 24, aged 35. Served in Co. D, 334th Inf., 84th Div.

A. E. COLCORD, *Square Post*, Chicago, Ill. D. Jan. 26. Capt., Ordnance Sec., O. R. C.

PERRY H. DANIELS, *El Paso (Tex.) Post*, D. Jan. 17. Served in Army.

ARTHUR GRINER, *Harrison Township Post*, Natura, Pa. D. Jan. 31. Served at Camp Humphreys, Va.

P. J. HANLON, *Vallejo, (Cal.) Post*, D. at San Francisco, Feb. 13. Lieut. in Navy.

EARL HIATT, *Moline (Ill.) Post*, D. Mar. 5.

DEAN W. JENNINGS, *Catskill (N. Y.) Post*, D. Jan. 25, aged 41. Served at Camp Sevier, S. C. Base Hosp.

G. A. KEMPF, *Frederick A. MacKenzie Post*, Bayonne, N. J. D. Aug. 23. Served in A. E. F.

OTTO KREPFL, *Harwood Post*, Joliet, Ill. D. Mar. 3.

RUSSELL H. LACKEY, *Old Glory Naval Post*, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. Dec. 27. Served in Navy.

EVAN L. LAMB, *Orville Ballard Post*, Wauaca, Wis. D. Dec. 19. Served with Co. B, 30th M. G. Bn.

JAMES L. LUTHER, *El Paso (Tex.) Post*, D. Dec. 26. Served in Army.

THOMAS P. MARTIN, *Raymond Batter Post*, New Richmond, Wis. D. Feb. 15. Served in S. A. T. C. at Chicago.

EARLE C. McDOWELL, *Riddle Post*, Sturgis, Ky. D. Feb. 12, aged 27. Served in Co. G, 113th Amm. Tr.

H. W. MULLINS, *McGold (Miss.) Post*, D. Feb. 17, aged 41. Served with Co. C, 46th Eng.

PAUL MURRAY, *Cecil W. Fogg Post*, Hyde Park, Mass. D. Jan. 8, aged 28. Served in Army.

WILLIAM L. NANCE, *William M. Batjer Post*, Rogers, Ark. D. Feb. 20. Served in A. E. F.

CLARENCE NEWMAN, *Victory Post*, Shelbyville, Ind. D. Jan. 8. Served with Co. A, 129th Eng.

ALBERT NIXSON, 302d Engineers Post, New York City. D. Nov. 14. Served with Co. A, 302d Eng. Eng.

HENRY W. NORDELL, *Downing (Wis.) Post*, D. Feb. 7, aged 33. Served in Hq. Co., 130th Inf. A. NOWEIN, *Jesse Dycus Post*, Liberty Hill, Tex. D. Feb. 19, aged 59. 1st Lieut., M. R. C. at Base Hospital, Laredo, Tex.

THOMAS O'BRIEN, *Vallejo (Cal.) Post*, D. Jan. 1. Served in U. S. M. C.

CHARLES G. OLSON, *K. T. Crossen Post*, Athens, O. D. Feb. 3. Served with Btys. B, 136th F. A.

GERALMIA J. O'NEIL, *Lowell (Mass.) Post*, D. at U. S. Veterans Bureau Hosp., Boston, March 5, aged 32. Served in U. S. M. C.

ARTHUR E. OOTHOUT, *Truman C. Tobey Post*, Walton, N. Y. D. Feb. 18. Served with 1st Pioneer Inf.

THOMAS F. O'SULLIVAN, *Lowell (Mass.) Post*, D. Feb. 25, aged 35. Served in Navy.

ANDREW S. PROKOPOVITCH, *Raymond Henry Post*, Olyphant, Pa. D. Feb. 23. Served in Navy.

CHARLES RAITHOLD, *Roscoe Enloe Post*, Jefferson City, Mo. D. Feb. 18, aged 29. Served in M. C. Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

RICHARD W. RICHARDS, *Albert J. Hamilton Post*, Bellingham, Wash. Killed in train accident, Feb. 18, aged 38. Served with 31st Eng.

ALBERT RILL, *Philip R. Colebank Post*, Cincinnati, O. D. Feb. 1, aged 28. Served in F. A.

JOSEPH SARTORELLI, *Harwood Post*, Joliet, Ill. Killed Mar. 11. Served with Co. H, 147th Inf.

CHRISTIAN SCHOELOPKE, *Howard Gardner Post*, Tyrone, Pa. D. Feb. 12, aged 32, at Receiving Hosp., Detroit, Mich. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

HARRY SHERRILL, *Hurst-Turner Post*, Statesville, N. C. D. Feb. 13, aged 29. Served with 115th M. G. Co.

PAUL L. SHOSKER, *Commemorative Post*, Delphos, O. D. Feb. 18, aged 26. Served with Co. M, 166th Inf., 42d Div.

JOHN SVENSON, *Old Glory Naval Post*, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. Jan. 8. Served in Navy.

C. A. VELLASARES, *Vallejo (Cal.) Post*, D. Feb. 4. Served with 40th Div.

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Another One on Them

A braw Scotsman was visiting Niagara Falls in the company of an American friend. As they watched the great rush of water, the latter said:

"There's a story that if you throw a penny into the falls, it will bring you luck."

"Is that so?" inquired the Scot. He considered a moment, and then asked hopefully: "Ha' ye a bit o' string?"

What About This?

[Ad in the *Portland Oregonian*]

FOR SALE—Child's bed, excellent condition, or will exchange for good baby.

Misunderstood

The Thirty-second Division was having its reunion at Milwaukee, when an ex-soldat approached the clerk at the Antlers Hotel and asked for a room.

"Have you a reservation?" inquired the clerk.

The former buck turned to his buddy with an injured air.

"Hell!" he ejaculated. "He thinks I'm an Indian!"

Surplus Energy

"Whaffo' yuh sit dere an' twiddle yo' thumbs?" demanded Liza angrily.

"Golly!" ejaculated her spouse, turning as pale as was possible for him. "Dat a m waste motion, sho' nuff!"

Such Is Life

A village dootor, summoned out of bed at an unseasonable hour and not in the best of humor, was just entering the home of his patient, when a late passerby accosted him conversationally:

"Somebody sick in there, doe?"

"Oh, no, indeed," replied the physician. "I'm just going in to give him his music lesson."

Limericks

The gnaw of a gnat and the gnashing Of its teeth as they come down a-crashing Make me gnevous and gnumb, So I lose my aplomh And I'm gnot gneur so gnifty and dashing.

Old Tighttwad complained of the cold; To go South meant to part with some gold. He died. Where he went Didn't cost him a cent, And it's hotter than Fla., I am told.

My principal business career Is to write silly pomes like this here. When they puublish the faets About who pays the tax It is likely my name won't appear.

—George I. Sullivan.

Playing Safe

Gertrude: "Are you married?" Theodore: "I am sorry to say I am not, thank goodness!"

Uncontradicted

[Ad in the *Lansing (Mich.) Capital*]

It becomes our sincere and genuine pleasure to announce that we—Charles W. Bell,

and Leo L. Kelly—of the firm of Bell & Kelly, have acquired the monument business at 110 East Washtenaw Street. . . . We have hundreds of satisfied customers.

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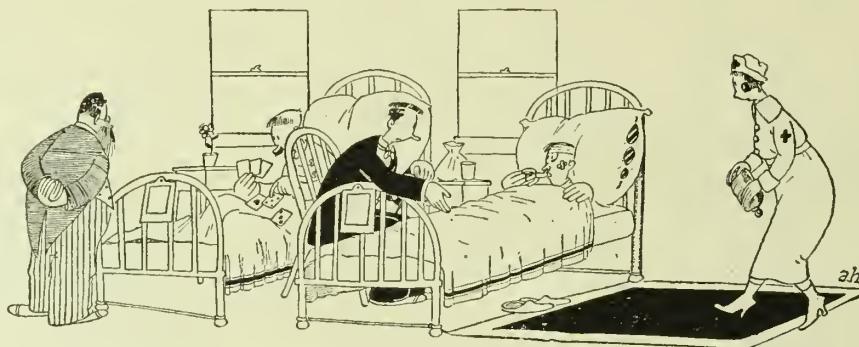
"What are you hollering for?" demanded the brutal dentist. "I didn't hurt you."

"Of course not," agreed the sarcastic patient, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow. "I've just got a silly habit of yelling whenever I visit dentists."

I. D. R. (Condensed)

Snap into it, ya bloomin' fool! Ya think ya still in grammar school? Act like you wasn't quite so dumb! Do up that shirt! Spit out that gum! Come to attention, what I mean! Pull in ya gut! Don't move ya hean! An' wipe that smile off from ya face! You're sure a credit to the race! Lookout that beard—when ja shave last? Now, double time, an' make it fast!

—Leo W. Boicker.



"Why can't you play solitaire the way that fellow in the next bed does?"

"Oh, they took the cards away from me. The doc always watches you play, and he caught me cheating."

The Steadfast Heart

I had a plot, a wondrous plot, Complete to names and places, But in dramatic form 'twas not At all the ace of aces. I tried it as a novelette, With thrills up to the muzzle. That failed; but I shall use it yet To make a crossword puzzle.

—John Oulman

Here They Are Again

Pat: "I wrote O'Leary in char-ge o' gin'ral delivery today."

Mike: "But are ye sure he'll git it?"

Pat: "Ah, but I mailed it be special delivery to make sure."

The West Begins

The West begins where Sal and Sue Shake hands with only Len and Lou; Where John and Mary, Pete and Maud, Are friends of Jim and Hank and Claud; Where Sid and Dick and Mike and Fred Are pals of Al and Jack and Red; Where last names may appear on checks, But otherwise are total wrecks.

—George A. Wright.

And Knock Louder

"Yes," announced the bore, "I've had three operations, and many times I've been at death's door."

"Well, cheer up," counseled the bored. "He may be at home next time."

A Travelog

The weather was lovely in Nice; In Rome there was quiet and pice;

In giddy Paris

There was plenty to sis, And I'm now sitting pretty in Grice.

—E. W. B.

Outa Luck

"Let me write you a big accident insurance policy," urged the persistent salesman. "You may need—"

"Shut up!" yelled the pestered business man. "I've got so much insurance now that it makes me jealous every time I read about a funeral."

Grandpa's Rating

"That clock is very old—it's a grandfather's clock," she informed him, as she showed him over the house.

"That isn't a grandfather's clock; it's a cuckoo clock," he contradicted.

"We-e-ell," she hesitated, "you didn't know grandfather like I did."

Bad Habit

A small girl who had just started to school came home very indignant.

"Mamma," she spluttered, "when I was coming home from school, Teddy Mason runned right up and kissed me."

"My, my!" exclaimed her mother, endeavoring to keep a straight face, "and what did you do, dear?"

"I slapped him. I'm going to break him of that!"

Keep Out

"I saw a quarantine sign on your house this morning. Who's sick?"

"Nobody. Pop's got a new crossword puzzle book and doesn't want to be interrupted."

Two of a Kind

The genial but overbearing boar dear came downstairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Monahan," he called out cheerily. "Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather we are having these days?"

"Well, there's your board bill," the landlady informed him pointedly.

Radi-Ode

While tuning in, up in the attie, I heard a quaint air operatic:

But my girl came along And I missed half the song— She made me so blooming X-statie.

—J. C.

Limericks, Front 'n' Center

A rich man once bought him a yacht. Though the prie set him back quite a lacht, He remarked; "I should worry, For I'm going to hurry To Bermuda, and there get half-shacht."

—H. F. J.

* * * *

A fellow whose conscience was hurtin' Saw a shadow one night on a curtain.

Then he yelled: "Holy cat!"

I'll tell the world that There's others 'sides me that's a-flirtin'.

* * * *

He called her a dear little spiff, And asked if she'd be his own wif.

She said: "I'm married, mister,

But take my twin sister."

Replied he: "Oh, hell, what's the diff?"

—J. P. R.

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Book It Now- *The American Legion Film Service*
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Will She Run Her Fingers Through Your Hair When You're 40?

By Alois Merke

Founder of the Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

Suppose, instead of that thick, healthy-looking head of hair—you had a bald spot. Suppose, as you grow older, the hair on the top of your head thins out and falls!

Will she be as proud of your appearance then? Will she be as happy to be seen with you? Will she take pleasure in sitting on the arm of your chair and running her fingers through your hair?

Will your friends begin to class you as old—and not a few call you "baldy"?

If your hair is thinning now, how much will you have when you're 40?



New Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost



If your hair is getting thin and falling out, stop it right away. If you see a bald spot coming—or if you already are bald—cover it up with a new growth of hair before the spot gets any larger.

Great numbers of others have done it—easily—and at home. No one to depend on but yourself—no listening to the unscientific advice of barbers and paying for useless tonics and salves that never bring the desired results.

You can grow hair on that bald spot, you can have a new growth of hair in 30 days or it will cost you nothing! If you don't see new hair coming—if you fail to get results—it won't cost you a cent! That's my guarantee, and I stand back of it. If you aren't satisfied with results, just tell me. You are the sole judge.

Wake Up Those Dormant Hair Roots

I've proved that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead—but merely dormant, temporarily asleep. Ordinary methods fail because they treat only the surface skin, not the roots.

You can't make hair grow by massaging the scalp with a tonic any more than you can make a tree grow by rubbing the bark with growing fluid. You've got to get to the very roots themselves. You've got to stimulate action and life by stimulating the dormant roots that contain the life.

And that's what my system does. It wakes up the cells that have been sleeping and inactive. It gives them the nourishment they need and stimulates hair growth. My system gets right down into the roots, right

down to the cause of the trouble and goes about correcting baldness in a scientific, sure way. The fine thing about it, too, is that this treatment can be taken without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience in any home in which there is electricity.

Already my method has given new hair to hundreds of others. Men and women who were fast losing their hair—many who

has not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent!

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

There are few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But since I've grown hair for so many hundreds of others, isn't my method worth finding out about—isn't it worth trying for 30 days without risking a penny?

No matter how thin you hair is now—no matter how many other methods you have tried without results, just send for the 32-page book telling about this wonderful, scientific way of growing hair. You'll find in it, besides a complete explanation of the method, scores of reports from others which will be just an indication of what this treatment will mean to you. Just fill in and mail the coupon below and I will gladly mail the book. It's vastly worth your while to get the full details of the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Fill in the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 224, 512 Fifth Av., New York.



These Letters Tell the Story

Results in 30 Days

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming, and now my hair is very near as good as it was when it first started to come out."

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Englewood, N. J.

Remarkable Results in Six Weeks

"The condition of my hair was very bad, and I was in despair because I had tried so many different remedies. After six weeks treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as anyone could wish."

CLARENCE TERPENING,
158 South Cedar Street,
Galesburg, Ill.

After Everything Else Failed

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months, and new hair seems to be coming in all the time."

HARRY A. BROWN,
21 Hampton Place,
Utica, N. Y.

had become almost completely bald—have been astonished at the rapidity with which this new scientific system restored their hair to luxuriant abundance. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try my system for 30 days at my risk. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, just tell me so. Tell me my system

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 224, 512 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, the free copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Thermocap treatment.

Name..... (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City..... State.....